

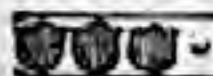


BUFFALO SUNDAY TIMES

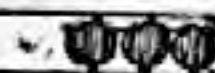


INVISIBLE COLOR BOOK

for Boys & Girls



MARCH 26, 1922



The Tulip Bed

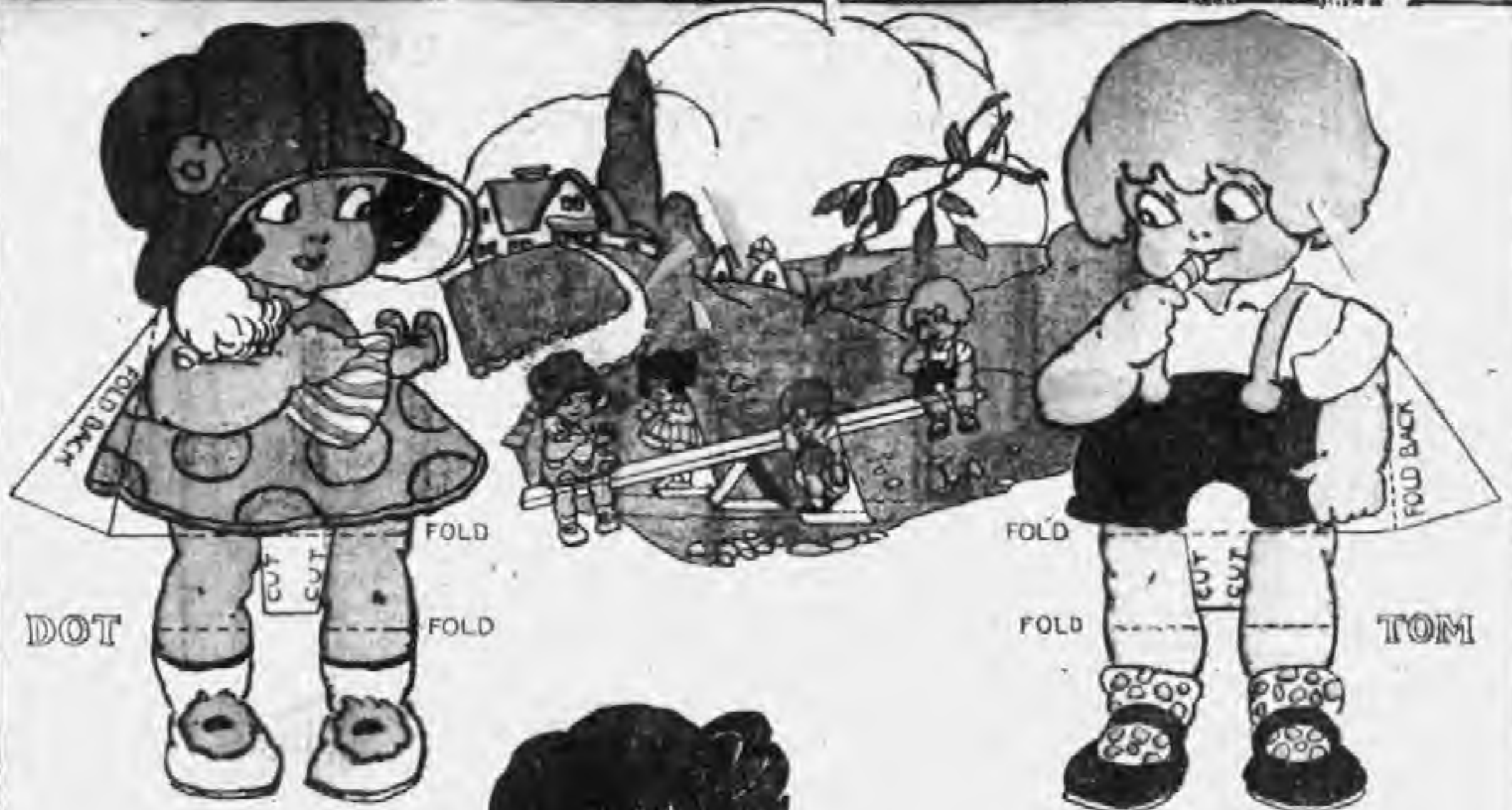
Here, children, is little "Sunshine Suzan" picking a big bouquet of tulips for her mother. Won't you help her color them? Use a brush or a piece of cotton on a toothpick with just plain water. Paint carefully between the lines and see what a nice picture you can paint for your mother.

Caution: The brush or cotton should be rinsed often.



Grandpa's Bear Story

"Children see this happy fellow? He has been asleep all winter! Now that spring is near he wakes up to enjoy, as YOU will, everything that goes on in his home, the Zoo.



DOT

TOM

END VIEW N°2
FOLDED

FOLD & PASTE

FOLD
N°2 2

FOLD

FOLD & PASTE

END VIEW N°1
FOLDED



MARY



JACK

CUT ON BLACK LINE

FOLD & PASTE

FOLD
FOLD

N°1

CUT &
INSERT DOLL

CUT &
INSERT DOLL

FOLD
FOLD

FOLD & PASTE

See-Saw—See-Saw

After you have the dollies cut out and neatly folded place little Dot on one end of the SEE-SAW and little Tommy on the other. Let Sister Mary stand in the center, while Jack stands back and cries because Tommy is SEE-SAWING with Dot.



Patented July 17-1921

Grandma's Crazy-Patch Quilt

"Gran'ma, what are you doing?"

"Why, can't your little eyes see? I am making a crazy-patch quilt for you, dear, as a wedding present when you grow up and get married."

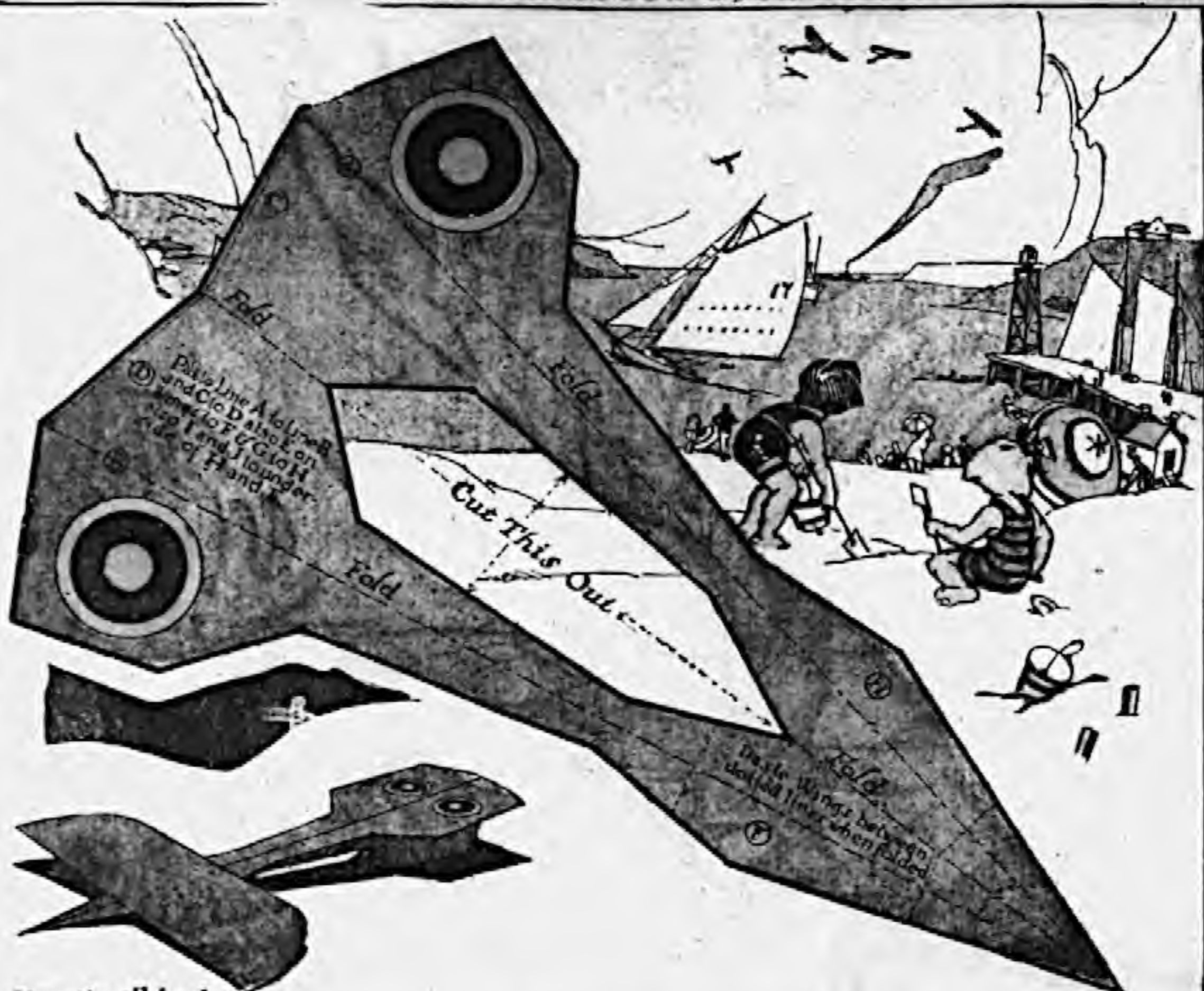
Use a brush or moisten a piece of cotton in plain water and paint carefully between the lines. You will then see all the colors of this wonderful wedding present.



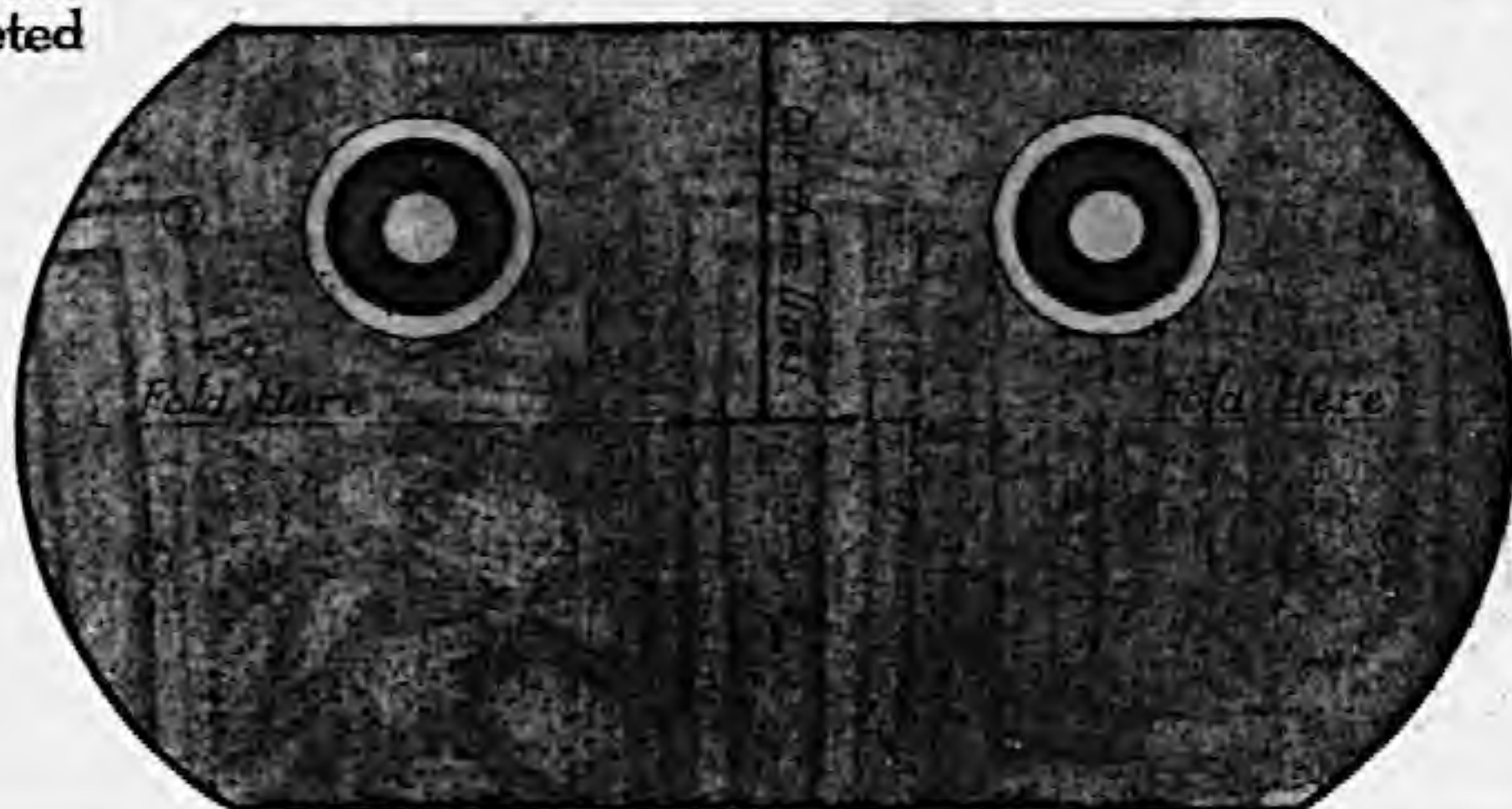
Through the Open Gate

Into the land of peach blossoms and sunshine where Grandpa makes the garden and Uncle Ed is plowing. Old Bossy and Tabby Cat are there, too.

By using a brush or a piece of cotton on a toothpick and using just plain water you can paint the whole picture in colors.



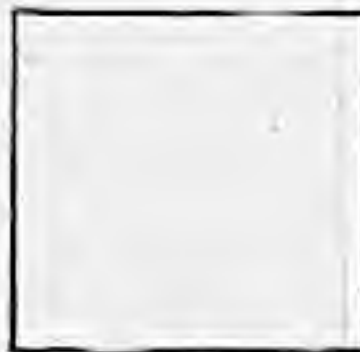
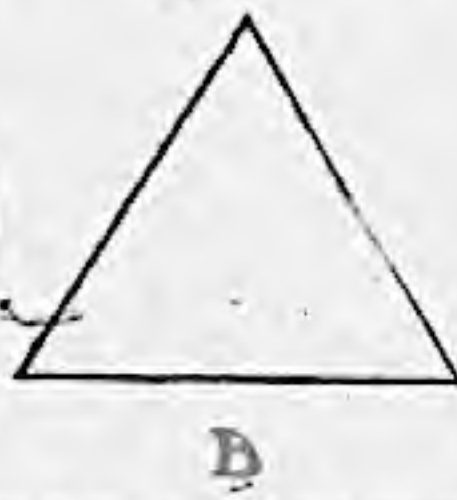
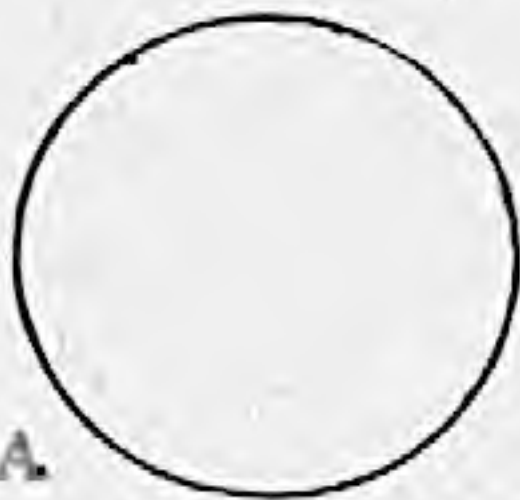
How it will look
when completed



Fly Away Today in an Aeroplane

If you will carefully cut out and fold where the lines are indicated in the drawing, Daddy will show you how to hold the Aeroplane between your thumb and first finger and throw it the same as a ball. It will loop the loop for you every time.

INVISIBLE COLOR BOOK LEARN TO DRAW



So you can make little pictures of your own to paint and color like you have learned to do by painting the INVISIBLE pictures in this book.
Read carefully the following simple instructions and you will quickly learn how to draw the objects your art teacher has suggested below.

LESSON NO. 1

In school you study and learn your A, B, C's so you can write words, and sometimes mother helps you to write little letters to daddy. So here we have our A, B, C's of drawing and can learn how to make little pictures for mother and daddy.

(A) is the circle, (B) the triangle and (C) is the square as I have drawn them for you here.

Now let us make a picture with A, B and C.

First we will take (C), the square, and make it for the house. We will now put (B) the triangle on top of the square and we have the roof of the house. Next let us take (B) the triangle for the tree and place it as you see it in the little picture. Just by adding two short lines at the bottom we have the trunk of the tree that grows out of the ground. Another little (B) triangle in the background like in the picture will make little trees.

We haven't used (A) yet, so now let us put the circle up in the sky and have the moon or sun shining on our little house and trees.

With your school crayons you can now color your picture like I have done for you.

See how many different pictures you can make with A, B and C. By adding a few lines to (B) the triangle as I have suggested with dots, you can make any shaped tree you wish.

Mother will help you learn your A, B, C's of drawing the same as she did your other A, B, C's, and if you study hard I will show you next week how to draw another picture.

EDITOR'S NOTE TO PARENTS. This course of instruction in drawing for the little ones is intended and planned to give them an understanding of the few simple fundamental forms that are used in the construction of all pictures. Our greatest masters both ancient and modern recognize them in all nature and use them in some manner in laying out their wonderful designs.

The child will be advanced from week to week and will soon be able to see these forms in everything. It will be surprising how easily they will be able to draw different objects.

The Adventures of Ted Wheeler



His mother sat at her dressing table as usual preparing herself for the evening meal which they always enjoyed together in the main dining room below. While Ted stood at the window in the outer room looking distractedly at the busy street six floors below. Ted and his mother lived in one of the fashionable hotels located in a very large city.

Ted Wheeler was a good-sized husky boy of 12, square shoulders and good, strong limbs. He was dressed in knickers and belted coat. His manner was that of a young gentleman. In reality, Ted was a boy, big hearted, honest and smart, just like your friend Jim or Jack or Tom.

As Ted looked down at the street he was thinking and wondering if all boys lived on the sixth floor of a big hotel and what a tiresome thing it would be never to have anything else to look at or know about. He longed for adventure. To travel and explore. To dig for lost treasure. He wanted his Indian guide to take him into the big forests to hunt bears and teach him how to trap for furs.

Ted's thoughts were far away when a knock came at the door and the mail man handed in a letter for his mother. Mrs. Wheeler asked him to read it to her while she continued with her toilet. The letter was from Aunt Edith, who lived in the country, and was simply an invitation to his mother to spend the week-end with them. "And if Ted wants to come we will be glad to see him. Uncle Bob says to tell Ted to come along and they will go hunting."

"Hunting with Uncle Bob," Ted almost shouted. "Just the thing I have been wanting to do. Let's go tonight and stay for a month. I can hunt and trap and shoot. Oh, boy! I won't ever want to come back to this old hotel."

Mrs. Wheeler turned quickly to him and said, "The idea of a boy wanting to hunt and trap or shoot. Why you would tear your clothes and soil your shoes or get hurt. I don't see how you can think of such a thing."

It took Ted the greater part of the evening to gain the consent of his mother to answer Aunt Edith's letter and accept the invitation.

He lay in his bed that night listening to the noises of the great city about him and thought of Uncle Bob and the gun they would hunt with. The big bear that they might see and shoot. How they would have to fight for their lives in the cold water if the boat should capsize while they were crossing the river. And if Cousin Elsie was along he would have to save her, too. It was long into the night before he fell asleep.



They were to start the next morning, for it was an all-day trip to Aunt Edith's place. And it included nearly all modes of travel. First came the taxi to the ferry which took them over the river to the railway station on the other side. There they boarded a train that went only part of the way, but made connection with what they called the "dinky." This wound its way up thru the mountains until the old log trail was met. Here they were transferred to the old stage coach drawn by horses.

Ted was all eyes and excitement during the entire trip and never once thought of being tired or hungry. The stage was the most interesting feature to him, and as they drove through the big woods he thought to himself that the driver, "Old Sod," was the luckiest man in the world.

The adventures he must have had in all his years of driving! Of the monsters he had seen in the big woods. The many times the old stage had been held

up by bold highwaymen and robbed of the express money, as Ted had seen it done in the movies. How lucky he was that he did not have to live in an old hotel in a large city!

Ted was lost in his thoughts for a long time and was very happy. At last the stage pulled up in the village at the door of the old Lodge Hotel, where most of the other passengers got off. "Old Sod" explained to Mrs. Wheeler that he would drive them on out to Aunt Edith's without extra charge and would be ready to go in a few minutes.

The first one to greet them at Aunt Edith's was Sport, Uncle Bob's collie dog. He gave Ted a hearty welcome, barking and jumping, rolling over a dozen times and carrying up a stick in his mouth for Ted to throw for him. And then came all the rest of the greetings from Uncle Bob, Aunt Edith and Cousin Elsie, who was about Ted's own age.

It took but a short time for Elsie and Ted to find something to do and somewhere to go about the rambling old house and make plans for adventure into the great outdoors.

His mother called to Ted and announced that they would go to their rooms and rest a little before they dressed for dinner. Ted made vigorous protest at first, but was soon prevailed upon to "do as mother says," and started up the old stairway. He lifted the funny latch and opened the door to the landing where, to his great surprise and delight, he saw Uncle Bob's gun standing in the corner.

(To Be Continued)





The Spring Choral

Do you believe in Fairies? Little Zenna-Mae does and here we find her with all her little friends of the Brook singing a merry spring song.

Use a paint brush or a piece of cotton on a tooth pick and with just plain water see how green you can make all of the frogs. How yellow the great big sun. Paint the whole picture very carefully. Watch for Zenna-Mae's Fairies next Sunday.

Paint This Picture With Brush Dipped In Water—MAGIC COLORS WILL APPEAR.



BUFFALO SUNDAY TIMES



INVISIBLE COLOR BOOK

For Boys & Girls

September 24, 1922

ANNABELLE

Who Is She

?

See Page 3

MAKE YOUR
OWN COMPASS

How?

See Page 4



"HEY, RED—LET'S GO!"

STUDY the unconcerned, the indifferent attitude of the powerful "Red," the towering center of the Rushtown Junior Huskies. Imagine: at the crucial point of thrilling combat, Rushtown emerging from defeat through a tardy display of superb dash and form, suddenly confronted with a situation like this! And why? Well, the inside dope is this: "Red" worked every Saturday for a month at the Racket Store earning money to get that football, and when it needs attention, it gets attention, pennant or no pennant.

IMPORTANT—READ THIS! Clear water and a brush are all you need to color the pages. It will surprise you to see the Magic Colors spring up in the path of the brush.

You can have lots of fun collecting the posters, puzzles and toys that appear each week. If you are very careful about cutting and coloring, you can hang the posters in your room or at school. Some of the other pages will make interesting scrapbooks. Don't miss it.

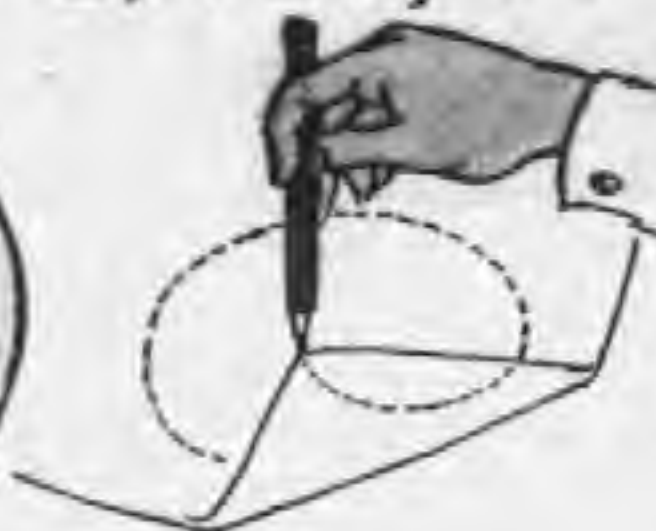
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THIS IS THE STORE AT BINGVILLE

How Many Articles Can You Find That Start With The Letter "B"



Trick No.1. Spring It On The Other KIDS
Next Week Trick No.2 is a Cuckoo



Today You Meet Annabelle

MY DIARY

JUST imagine having a diary of my very own! Mother says to write everything I do every day, but I think I shall make it EVERY WEEK instead. And there is a place for pictures, too, and I shall put in all my friends, my toys, my clothes—just everything.

Today I am putting in my two new dresses and my beaded bag, my lovely new hatbox and, best of all, my darling Muffins. I call my dog Muffins because he is so soft and warm.

Tuesday I am going to learn to play golf, and I'll have lots to write about that next week.

Annabelle

HERE IS ANNABELLE SET UP



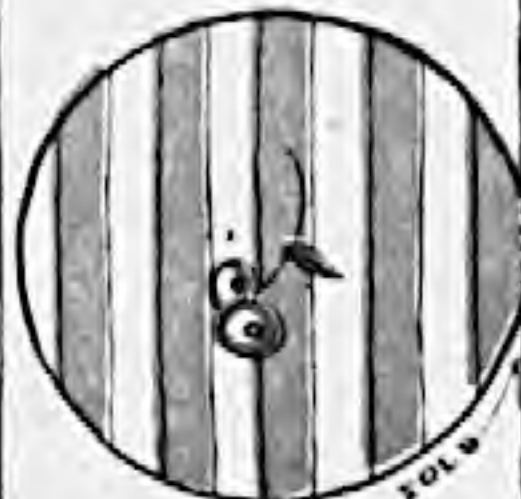
FOLD BACK



Paste to opposite side



PASTE UP AND YOU WILL HAVE A WONDERFUL BOX FOR ANNABELLE'S HATS



FOLD BACK AND SLIP OVER HEAD



FOLD AND PASTE TO SIDE



FOLD



Hardie



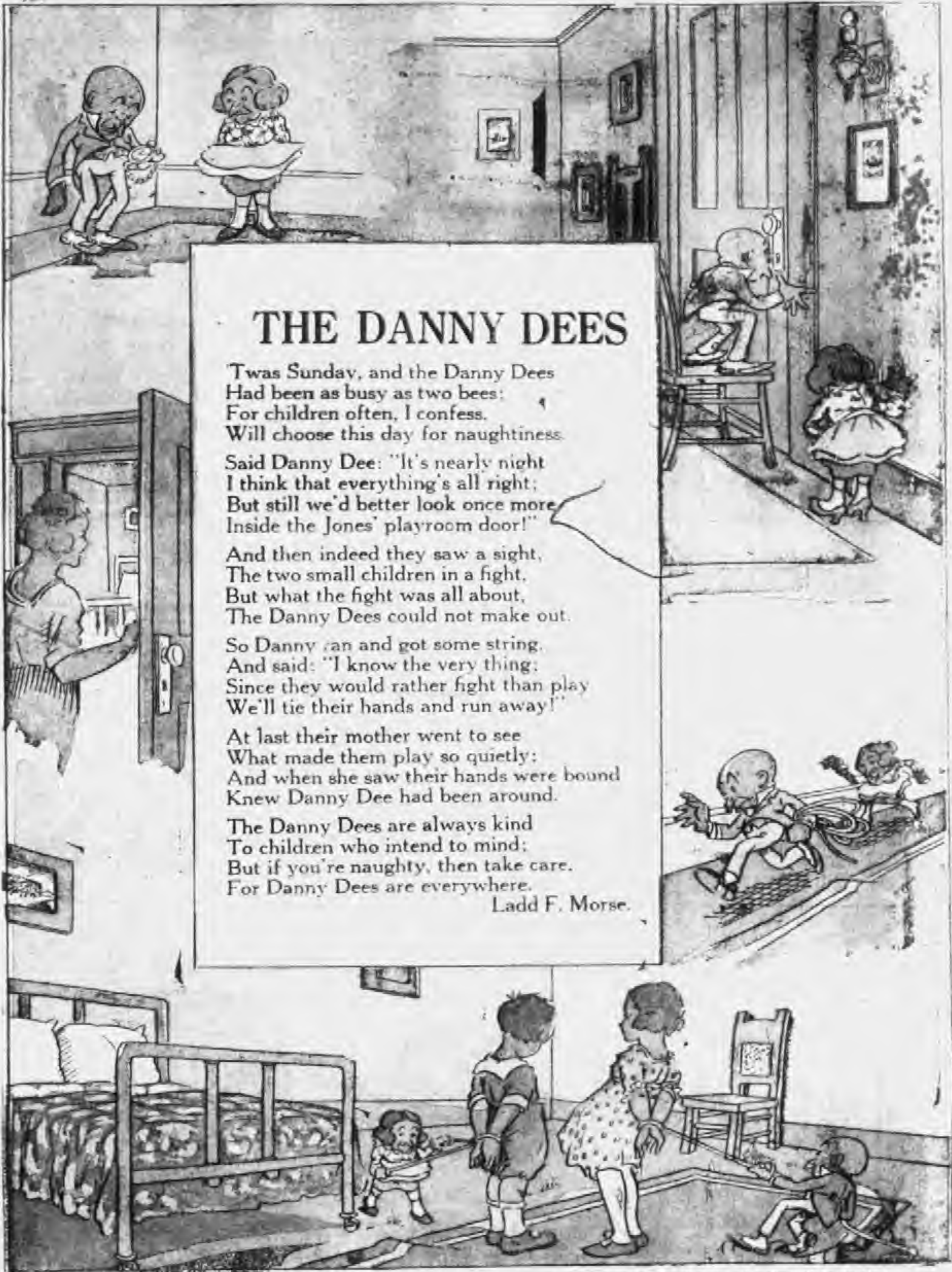
BILLY THE BOY ARTIST AND THE BANANAS

Dear Boys and Girls: Prof Wise and Prof Schmart had some big yellow bananas last week and when Pansy and I asked for one they told us to get out. So I just waited 'round until they were gone and then I painted those bananas another color. If you paint the pictures with plain water using a brush or a little cotton on a toothpick you will get the idea. Pansy and I got the bananas because the professors decided they were not fit to eat and we had a regular feast. Prof Wise got wise—but it was too late.

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Yours with a big appetite, BILLY THE BOY ARTIST.





THE DANNY DEES

'Twas Sunday, and the Danny Dees
Had been as busy as two bees:
For children often, I confess,
Will choose this day for naughtiness.

Said Danny Dee: "It's nearly night
I think that everything's all right;
But still we'd better look once more
Inside the Jones' playroom door!"

And then indeed they saw a sight,
The two small children in a fight,
But what the fight was all about,
The Danny Dees could not make out.

So Danny ran and got some string,
And said: "I know the very thing:
Since they would rather fight than play
We'll tie their hands and run away!"

At last their mother went to see
What made them play so quietly:
And when she saw their hands were bound
Knew Danny Dee had been around.

The Danny Dees are always kind
To children who intend to mind;
But if you're naughty, then take care,
For Danny Dees are everywhere.

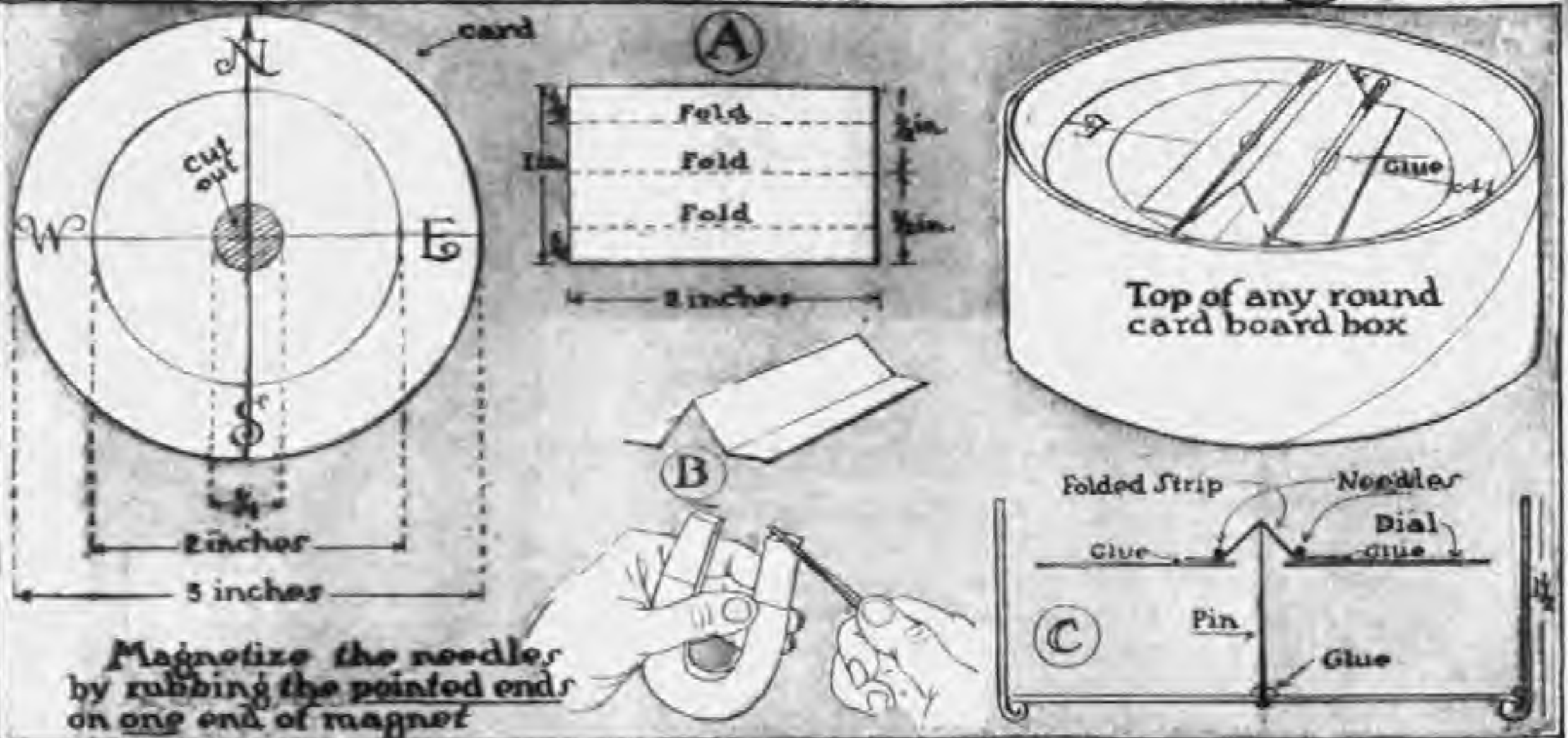
Ladd F. Morse.

(Copyright, 1923, World Color Printing Company, St. Louis, Mo.)



STATION - F-U-N
MAGIC! MAGIC!
PAINT THE GREY
PICTURES WITH A
BRUSH DIPPED IN
WATER AND WATCH
THE MAGIC COLORS
APPEAR!

Make Your Own Toys



A PRACTICAL HOME-MADE COMPASS

By Edward Thatcher

THE compass is one of the most useful things ever made by man. With the aid of the magnetic needle inside of the compass, which always points North and South, the mariner is enabled to steer his ship thru fog and storm. The aviator is piloted safely above the clouds with the aid of the compass. The surveyor makes use of the compass to run the boundary lines of a farm or a river, and various forms of the compass are also used in electrical work.

To make the compass you will need two darning needles about 2 1/2 inches in length. These two needles must be exactly alike in length and weight. You will also need a horseshoe magnet, a sheet of heavy writing paper, a pin, some strong glue and a circular cardboard box.

A pair of scissors, a knife, a pair of dividers, a ruler and a pencil are all the tools that you will need to make this simple compass.

If you have no horseshoe magnet, you may be able to pick one up at the local garage. These magnets are taken from Ford magnetos undergoing repairs.

To magnetize the needles, hold the two needles in the right hand with the points of both of them pointing in the same way. Rub the points of the needles on one end of the horseshoe magnet, as shown in the picture. Rub the needles back and forth a few times; this will magnetize the needles. Do not rub the other ends of the needles on the magnet.

To make the compass card: The dividers should be used to draw a 3-inch circle on the stiff writing paper. Using the same center, draw a 2-inch circle and a 1/4-inch circle, as shown in the picture. Rule lines

across the 3-inch circle, dividing it into four parts, and mark the ends of the lines N, E, S and W as indicated. Cut out the 3-inch circle with the shears and then use the point of your knife to cut out the 1/4-inch circle, leaving a hole 1/4 inch in diameter in the center of the 3-inch paper disc.

Cut out a rectangular form from the note paper 1 inch wide and 2 inches long. This is shown at A. Rule the fold lines as shown. Then fold this piece until it appears as in B. Glue this piece exactly in the center of the compass card as it appears in the finished drawing showing the whole compass and in the sectional drawing at C.

Place the two magnetic needles, both pointing the same way, in place on the lower fold lines of the piece B, which is now glued to the card. Place a drop of thick glue over the center of these needles to secure them in place. The card is now ready to mount.

The circular cardboard box should now be cut down so that it is only about 1 1/4 inches high at the sides. Push a pin thru the bottom exactly in the center of it so that the point of the pin is held upright inside the box, as shown at C.

Set the card inside of the box and balance it on the pin point so that it swings freely about, and your compass is finished.

If you are not sure as to whether the pointed ends of the needles will point North or South (this depends on which end of the horseshoe magnet you rub them on), place the needles, pointed ends together, tie a long thread to the center of them so that they are suspended in the air and then see which way they point before mounting them on the card.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR BIBLE? CAN YOU READ THE PICTURES?





CAST AWAY IN THE COLD

By Dr. Isaac I. Hayes
CHAPTER III

THE OLD MAN, HAVING RELATED TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE HOW THE YOUNG MAN WENT TO SEA, NOW PROCEEDS TO TELL WHAT THE YOUNG MAN DID THERE.

THE two days which the old man and his young friends had passed together had so completely broken down all restraint between them that the children almost felt as if they had known the old man all their lives. It was therefore quite natural that, when they went down next day, they should feel inclined to give him a surprise. So they concerted a plan of sneaking quietly around the house that they might come upon him suddenly, for they saw him working in his garden, hoeing up the weeds.

"Now let's astonish him," said William.

"That's a jolly idea," said Fred, while Alice said nothing at all, but was as pleased as she could be.

The little party crawled noiselessly along the fence, thru the open gate and sprang upon the Captain with a yell, like a parcel of wild Indians; and sure enough they did surprise him, for he jumped behind his hoe, as if preparing to defend himself against an attack of enemies.

"That's a trick of William's, I'll be bound," said he; "but no matter, I'll forgive you; and I'm right glad you've come, too, for it's precious hot, and I'm tired of hoeing up the weeds; so now let us get out of the sun, into the crow's nest."

"The crow's nest!" cried William. "What's that?"

"Why, the arbor, to be sure," said the Captain. "Don't you like the name?"

"Of course, I do," answered William. "It's such a cunning name."

It was but a few steps to the "crow's nest," and the happy party once seated, the Captain was ready in an instant to pick up the thread where he had broken it short off when they had parted in the golden evening of the day before, and then to spin on the yarn.

"And now, my lively trickster and genius of the quill," he said to William, "how is it about writing down the story? What does your father say?"

"Oh," answered William, "I've written down almost every word of what you said, and papa has examined it and says he likes it. There it is"—and he pulled a roll of paper from his pocket and handed it to the Captain.

The old man took it from William's hand, looking all the while much gratified; and after pulling out a pair of curious-looking, old-fashioned spectacles from a curious-looking, old-fashioned red morocco case, which was much the worse for wear, he fixed them on his nose very carefully, and then after unfolding the sheets of paper he glanced knowingly over them.

"That's good," said he; "that's shipshape and as it ought to be. Why, lad, you're a regular genius and sure to turn out a second Scott, or Cooper, or some such writing chap."

"I am glad you like it, Captain Hardy," said William, pleased that he had pleased his friend.

"Like it!" exclaimed the Captain. "Like it! that's just what I do; and now, since I'm to be made famous in my way, I'll be more careful with my speech. And no bad spelling, either," ran on the Captain, while he kept turning back the leaves, "as there would have been if you had put it down just as I spoke it. But never mind that now; taze back the papers, lad, and keep them safe; we'll go on now if we can only find where the yarn was broken yesterday. Do any of you remember?"

"I do," said William, laughing. "You had just got out into the great ocean and were frightened half to death."

"Well, then," said the obliging Captain, glad enough to see how much his young friends were interested, "if you will know what sort of a miserable time young sailors have of it, I'll tell you, and let me tell you, too, there's many a one of them has just as bad a time as I had."

"In the first place, you see, they gave me such wretched food to eat, all out of a rusty old tin plate, and I was all the time as sick from the motion of the vessel as we went tossing up and down on the rough sea, and from the tobacco smoke of the fore-castle, and all the other bad smells, that I could hardly eat a mouthful, so that I was half ready to die of starvation; and as if this was not misery enough, the sailors were all the time, when in the fore-castle, quarrelling like so many wild beasts in a cage; and as two of them had pistols and all of them had knives, I was every minute in dread lest they should take it into their heads to murder each other and kill me by mistake. So, I can tell you, being a young sailor boy isn't what it's cracked up to be."

"However, I was miserable enough in more ways than one, for to these troubles was added a great distress of mind, caused by the sport the sailors made of me and also by remorse of conscience for having run away from home, and thus got myself into this great scrape. Then to make the matter worse—as if it was not bad enough already—a violent storm set upon us in the dark night. You could never imagine how the ship rolled about over the waves. Sometimes they swept clear across the ship, as if threatening our lives; and all the time the creaking of the masts, the roaring of the wind thru the rigging, and the lashing of the seas filled my ears with such awful sounds that I was in the greatest terror, and I thought that every moment would certainly be my last. Then, as if still further to add to my fears, one of the sailors told me right in the midst of the storm that we were bound for the northern seas to catch whales and seals. So now what little scrap of courage I had left took instant flight, and I fell at once to praying (which I am ashamed to say I had never in my life done before), fully satisfied as I was that, if this course did not save me, nothing would. In truth, I believe I should actually have died of fright had not the storm come soon to an end; and, indeed, it was many days before I got over thinking that I should, in one way or another, have a speedy passage into the next world, and therefore I did not much concern myself with where were going in this. Hence I grew to be very unpopular with the people in the ship and learned next to nothing. I was always in somebody's way, was always getting hold of the wrong rope and was in truth all the time doing mischief rather than good. So I was set down as a hopeless idiot and was considered proper game for everybody. The sailors tormented me in every possible way."

"One day (knowing how green I was) they set to talking about fixing up a table in the fore-castle, and one of them said, 'What a fine thing it would be if the mate (who turned out to be the red-faced man I had met in the street and who took me to the shipping office) would only let us have the keelson.' So this being agreed to in a very serious manner (which I hadn't wit enough to see was all put on), I was sent to carry their petition. Seeing the mate on the quarter deck, I approached and in a very respectful manner thus addressed him: 'If you please, sir, I come to ask if you will let us have the keelson for a table.' Whereupon the mate turned fiercely upon me and, to my great astonishment, roared out

at the very top of his voice, 'What! what's that you say? Say that again, will you?' So I repeated the question as he had told me to, feeling all the while as if I should like the deck to open and swallow me up. I had scarcely finished before I perceived that the mate was growing more and more angry, if, indeed, anything could possibly exceed the passion he was in already. His face wax many shades redder than it was before, and, indeed, it was so very red that it looked as if it might shine in the dark. His hat fell off, as it seemed to me, in consequence of his stiff red hair rising up on end, and he raised his voice so loud that it sounded more like the howl of a wild beast than anything I could compare it to. 'You lubber!' he shouted. 'You villain!' he shrieked; 'you—you—' and here it seemed as if he was choking with hard words which he couldn't get rid of—'you come here to play tricks on me! You try to fool me! I'll teach you!'—and seizing hold of the first thing he could lay his hands on (it did not stop to see what it was, but wheeled about, greatly terrified), he let fly at me with such violence that I am sure I must have been finished off for certain had I not quickly dodged my head. When I returned to the fore-castle, the sailors had a great laugh at me, and they called me ever afterward 'Jack Keelson.' His keelson, you must know, is a great mass of wood down in the very bottom of the ship, running the whole length of it; but how should I have learned that?

"But by and by I came to my senses, and upon discovering that the vessel was in such a condition I received was partly my own fault, I stopped lamenting over my wretched condition and began to show more spirit. Would you believe it? I had actually been in the vessel five days before I had curiosity enough to inquire her name. They told me that it was called the *Blackbird*; but what ever possessed anybody to give it such a ridiculous name I never could imagine. If they had called it *Black Duck* or *Black Diver*, there would have been some sense in it, for they were driving head foremost into it, and it was pretty much all the time. But I found out that the vessel was a sailing ship, and after all, but a sort of half-sloop, half-brig—what they call a 'brigsail'—having two masts, a mainmast and a foremast. On the foremast there was a sail running fore and aft, just like the sail of the little yacht *Alice*, and on the latter there was a fore-sail, a fore-top-sail, a fore-top-gallant-sail and a fore-royal-sail—all of course, square sails. The sails, running across the vessel and fastened to what are called yards. The sails were painted jet black on the outside, but inside the bolwarks the color was a dirty sort of green."

"Having picked up the name of the ship, I was tempted to put a few inquiries further, and it was not long before I had got quite a respectable store of seaman's knowledge, and hence I grew in favor. I learned to distinguish between a 'halyard,' which is rope for pulling the yards up and letting them run down, from a 'brace,' which is used to pull them around as to 'trim the sails,' and a 'sheet,' which is a rope for keeping the sails in their proper place. I found out that what I called a floor the sailors called a 'deck'; a kitchen they called a 'galley'; a pot, a 'copper'; a pulley was a 'block'; a post was a 'stancheon'; to fall down was to 'hol' over'; to climb up was to 'go aloft'; and to go straight and keep one's balance when the ship was pitching over the waves was to 'get your sea legs on.' I found out, too, that everything behind you was 'abaft,' and everything ahead was 'forwards,' or 'fore,' as the sailors say; that a large rope was a 'hawser,' and that every other rope was a 'line,' to make anything temporarily secure was to 'belay' it, to make one thing fast to another was to 'bend it on,' and when two things were close together, they were 'chock-a-block.' I learned, also, that the right hand side of the vessel was the 'starboard' side, while the left hand side was the 'port' or 'larboard' side; that the lever which moves the rudder that steers the ship was called the 'tiller,' and that to steer the ship was to 'take a trick at the wheel'; that to 'put the helm up' was to turn it in the direction from which the wind was coming (windward), and to 'put the helm down' was to turn it in the direction the wind was going (leeward). I found out still further that a ship has a 'weathercock,' a woman, a 'forefoot,' like a beak, besides 'hull's eye' (which are small holes with glass in them to admit light) and 'cut-ways' and 'monkey-rails' and 'monkey trees,' as well as 'saddles' and 'bridles' and 'harness' and many other things, which I thought I should never hear anything more of after I left the farm. I might go on and tell you a great many more things that I learned, but I don't only tire your patience without doing any good. I only want to show you how John Hardy began his marine education."

"When it was discovered how much I had picked up, they proposed most gratefully to turn it to their own account. So I was at once sent to take a 'trick at the wheel' from which I came away after two hours' hard work, with my hands dreadfully blistered and my legs all a-quiver with the recollection of much abusive language from the red-faced mate, who would never see anything right in what I did. I gave him, however, a good 'telling' at the time to show me, and I was glad of it afterward, for I learned a great deal from it. One time, I learned the ship so badly that a wave which I met in passing, and which a skillful turn of the wheel, came breaking in right over its quarter-deck, putting the mate from head to foot. He thought I did it on purpose (which you may be sure I did not do). Again his face grew red enough to shine of a dark night, and his mind invented hard words faster than his tongue would let them out of his ugly throat."

"I tell you all this that you may have some idea of what a ship is and how sailors live and what they have to do. You can easily see that they have no easy time of it and, let me tell you, there isn't a bit of romance about it, except the stories that are cut out of whole cloth to make books and songs of. However, I never could have much sympathy for my shipmates in the *Blackbird*, for if they did treat me a little better when they found that I could do something, especially when I could take a trick at the wheel, I still continued to look upon them as little better than a set of pirates, and I felt satisfied that, if they were not born to be hanged, they would certainly drown."

"I don't think I will be a sailor," said Fred.

"Nor I either," said William. "But, Captain," continued the cunning fellow, "if a sailor's life is so miserable, what do you go to sea so much for?"

"Well, now, my lad," replied the Captain, evidently at first a little puzzled, "that's a question that would require more time to explain than we have to devote to it today. Besides (he was fully recovered now), 'you know that going to sea is the cabin is an different from going to sea in the fore-castle as you from a Yahu Indian. But never mind that; I must get on with my story, or I will never come to an end. I've hardly begun it yet.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY)



Paint This Picture With Brush Dipped In Water—MAGIC COLORS Will Appear.



1
THE KING'S SON GAVE A BALL, CINDERELLA'S TWO SISTERS RECEIVED INVITATIONS AND IMMEDIATELY PREPARED FOR THE OCCASION

2
CINDERELLA HAD TO STAY AT HOME AND CRYPT INTO HER DEAR OLD CHIMNEY CORNER TO SOB

3
SOON HER FAIRY GODMOTHER APPEARED AND GAVE CINDERELLA A WONDERFUL DRESS, COACH AND SIX HORSES TO GO TO THE BALL



Cinderella or The Little Glass Slipper



4
AND AT THE BALL SHE MET THE PRINCE WHO LOVED HER

5
UPON LEAVING THE BALL AT 12 O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT SHE LOST ONE OF HER GLASS SLIPPERS WHICH THE PRINCE FOUND



6
LOOK FOR ROBINSON CRUSOE NEXT WEEK

THE PRINCE HAD IT PROCLAIMED THAT HE WOULD MARRY THE ONE WHOSE FOOT THE SLIPPER FITTED AND FINALLY AFTER WEEKS OF SEARCHING THRU THE COUNTRY HE FOUND CINDERELLA AND THEY WERE MARRIED